

## THE WIND FROM HELL – 17TH OCTOBER 1987.

Up the Channel from the West it came, in the middle of the night.  
Roaring around the chimney pots, giving everyone a fright.  
It flattened trees and buildings, as it made its destructive way,  
Up through Kent and Sussex, past the White Cliffs and Folkstone bay.  
Across country now, to East Anglia, it came with a terrifying sound,  
Like a thousand roaring locomotives, it flattened forests to the ground.

I woke with a start as the wild Hurricane shook my bungalow about,  
Leaving my bed, I went to the window, hardly daring to look out.  
Jet black clouds raced across the sky, there were brilliant patches as well,  
For the clouds were lit by a flickering light that came from the fires of Hell.  
Huge drops of rain flew horizontally past among rubbish, branches and leaves,  
And the bungalow shook in a frightening way, from the foundations up to the eaves.

I rushed to the other window to see if my greenhouse was standing the strain,  
To my horror I saw great ripples that ran the full length again and again.  
Pulling on boots and coat, I went to the kitchen and struggled to open the door,  
Outside I was shocked by the sound of the storm, an horrendous, continuous roar.  
The night sky was lit by flashes of lightning, and power lines clashing together,  
But the thunder was drowned by the hideous sound brought on by the terrible weather.

Like a hundred foot monster, my greenhouse was alive, with waves, as if on the sea.  
I resigned myself to its inevitable destruction. Ah well, what will be will be!  
And then came the moment I dreaded so much, an exceptionally powerful blast,  
The structure now almost flattened to the ground and then it exploded at last.  
The air was filled with glass and debris, filling me with apprehension and fear,  
Above the roar of the wind, I could just make out, the tinkling of glass I could hear.

A million shards of glittering glass flew through the air all around,  
With a noise like crumpling foil I could hear, a most incredible sound.  
I suddenly realised what a fool I had been, to come out at the height of the storm,  
With glass and tiles flying around, when I could have been safe, in the warm.  
And yet there was a certain thrill of defiance as I struggled back to the door,  
A sense of adventure I wouldn't have missed, as I shut out the hurricane's roar.